

T H E
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[No. 2.]

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
R 1907 L

Antiem. From 122d. Psalm.

Stephenson.

AIR.

I was glad, was glad, was glad, when they said unto me,
I was glad, we will go,

we will go, we will go, into the house of the Lord, we will go, we will go, into the house of the Lord.
we will go,

G

Our feet shall stand in thy gates, O - - - - - Je - ru - sa - lem.

Our feet shall stand,

Je - ru - sa - lem is built as a city that is at unity in itself, for thither go the tribes, the

for thither go the

for thither go,

tribes, ev - en the tribes of the Lord, To testify unto Is - ra - el, to testify unto Is - ra - el,

And to give than - - - ks,

And to give this - - - ks, give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

And to give than - - - ks, give thank,

And to give than - - - ks, give thanks, give than - - - ks

ALLEGRO.

For there is the feat of Judgement,

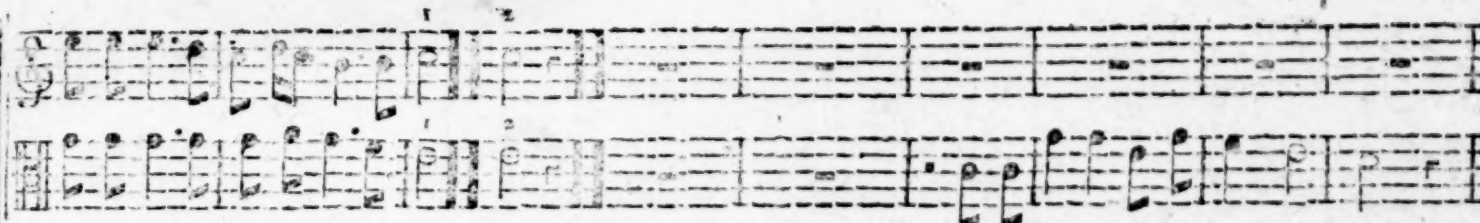
even the feat, even the feat. even the feat of the house of David.

Lower Bk. 24

*Largo. Andante. Affettuoso.**Slow.*

O pray for the peace, O pray for the peace, O pray for the peace of Je - ru - sa - lem. Peace be within thy

walls, Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls, And pen - ti - ous - ness



Plentifulness within thy pal-a - ces.

For my brethren and companions' sakes,

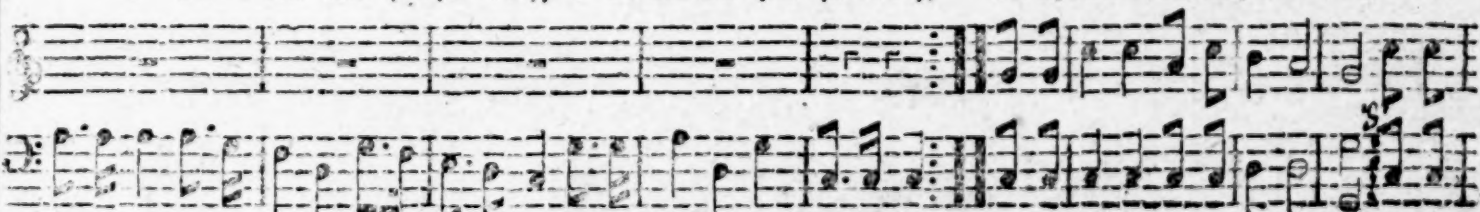


For my brethren and companions' sakes,

I will with thee prof-



I will with thee prof-per-i-ty, I will with thee prof-per-i-ty, For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will



per-i-ty, I will with thee prof-per-i-ty, I will with thee prof-per-i-ty,

H



with thee prof-per-i-ty, I will with thee prof-per-i-ty, And I will seek to do thee good.

SOFT & SLOW. Repeat from O pray for the peace of Jerusalem, and end with this Chorus.

MOD. & GRAVE.

GRAVE.

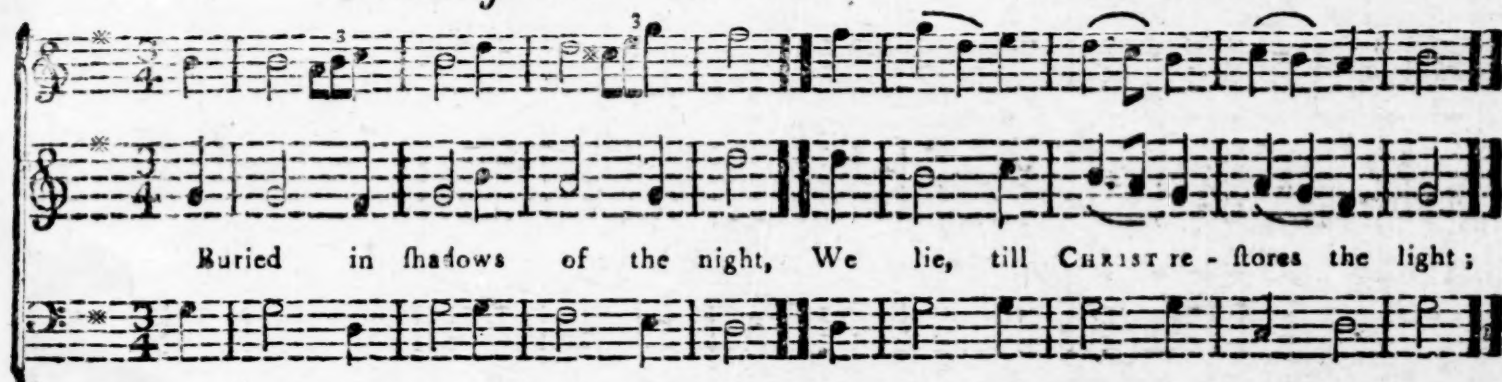


Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen, Halle'lujah, Halle'lujah, Halle'lujah, Amen. Amen, A - - - - - men, A - - - - - men.

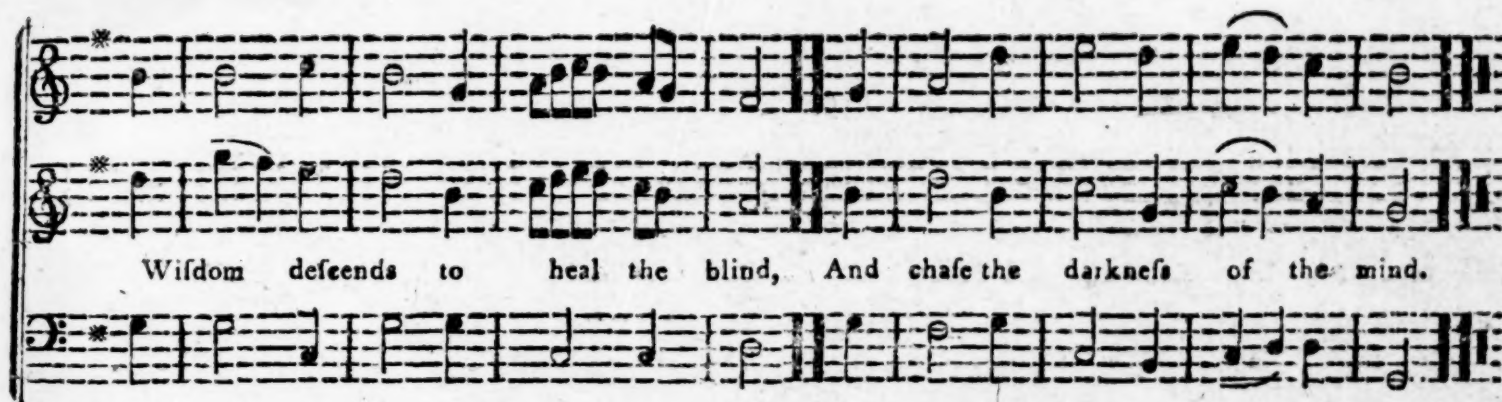
Brentford. L. M.

Har. Sacra.

31



Buried in shadows of the night, We lie, till CHRIST re-stores the light;



Wisdom descends to heal the blind, And chase the darkness of the mind.

(2)
Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
Till the atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing the LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

(3)
Jesus-beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the pris'ner free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

(4)
Poor helpless worms in Thee possess,
Grace, wisdom, pow'r and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.



Lord I will bless thee all my days, Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue, My soul shall glory in thy grace, While saints rejoice to

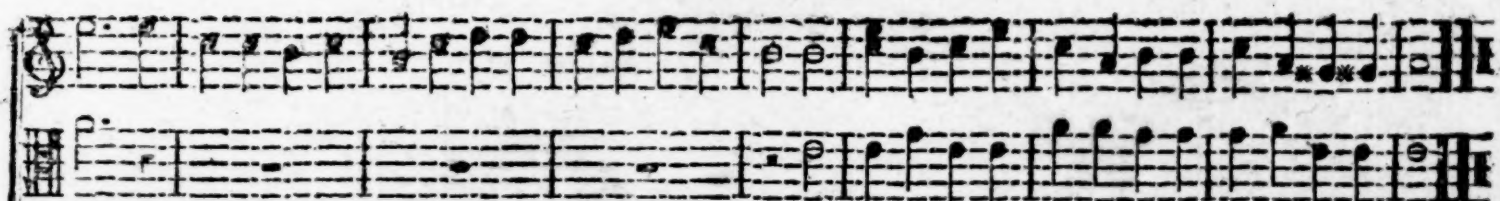
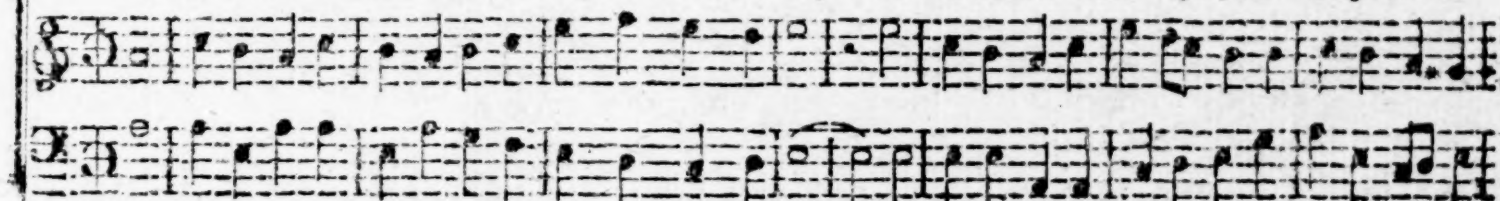


hear the song. My soul shall glory in thy grace, While saints rejoice to hear the song.

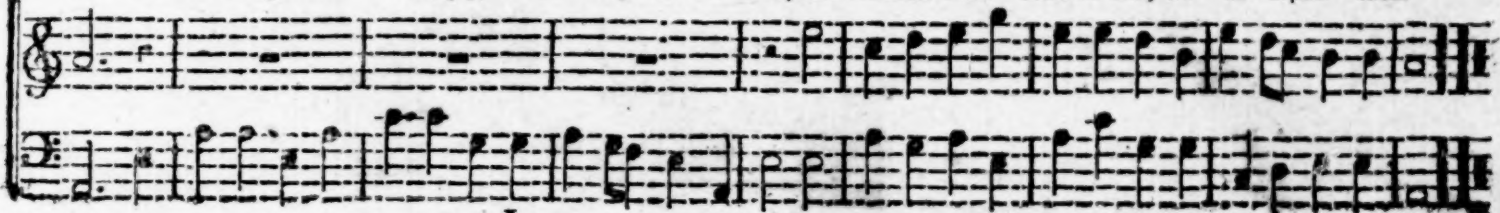




Naked as from the earth we came, And crept to life at first; We to the earth return again, And mingle with our



dust. The dear delights we here enjoy, And fondly call our own, Are but short favors borrow'd now, To be repaid anon.



How did my heart rejoice to hear, My friends devoutly say, In Zion let us all appear, And keep the solemn day. And

I love her gates, &c.
 keep the solemn day. I love her gates, I love the road; The church adorn'd with grace, Stands
 I love her gates, &c.
 I love her gates, &c.



like a palace built for God To shew his milder face. Up to her courts with joy unknown The holy tribes repair, The



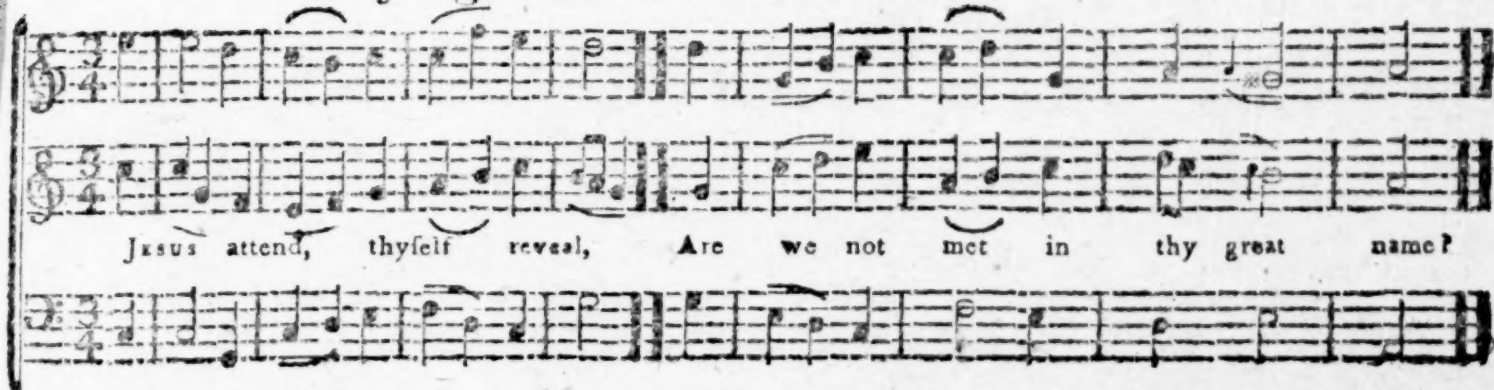
holy tribes re - pair; The son of David holds his throne, And sits in judgment there. And sits in judgment there.

When I the holy grave survey, Where once my Saviour deign'd to lie; I

The first system of the musical score for 'Middletown' consists of four staves. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom two are in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The melody is written on the top staff, and the lyrics are placed below the second staff. The music is in common time (C).

see fulfill'd what Prophets say, And all the pow'r of death de - fy.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. It also consists of four staves (two treble, two bass) in the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are placed below the second staff. The system ends with a double bar line.



(2)
 Thou God that answerest by fire,
 The spirit of burning now impart;
 And let the flames of pure desire
 Rise from the altar of our heart.

(3)
 Truly our fellowship below
 With Thee, and with thy Father is;
 In Thee eternal life we know,
 And heav'n's unutterable bliss.

K

(4)
 In part we only know Thee here,
 But wait thy coming from above;
 And I shall then behold Thee near,
 And I shall all be lost in love.

Judges who rule the world by laws, Will ye despise the righteous cause, When th'injur'd poor before you stande.

Dare

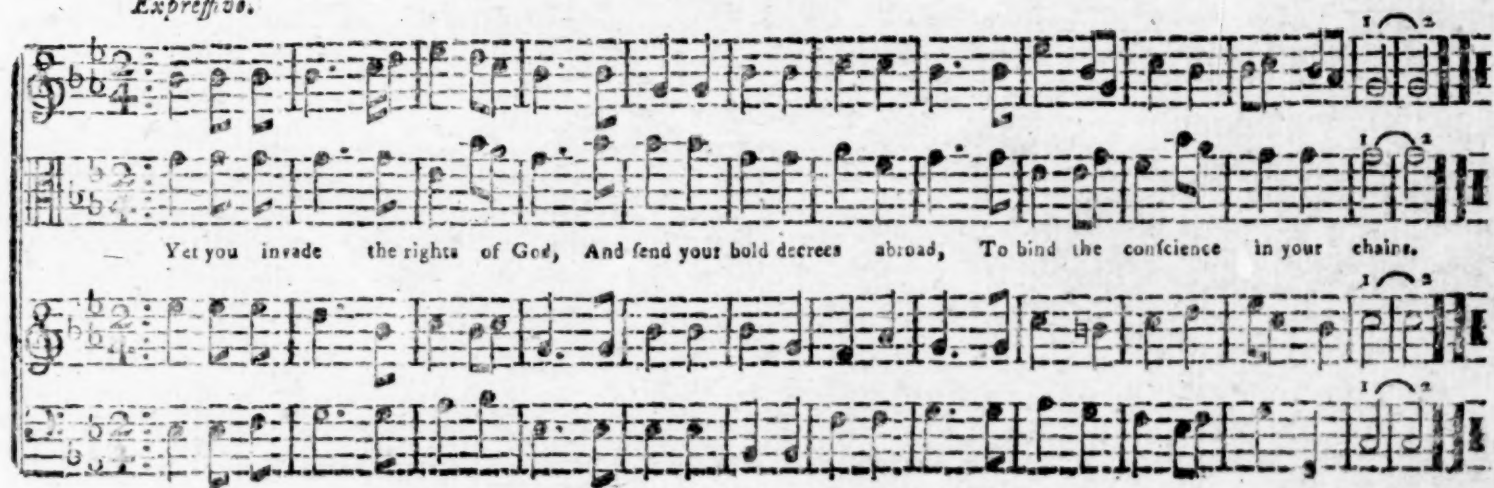
Dare ye

Dare ye despise the righteous poor, And let rich sinners 'scape se-cure, While gold and greatness bribe your hands.

Dare ye



Have ye forgot, or never know, That God will judge the judges too; High in the heav'ns his justice reigns,

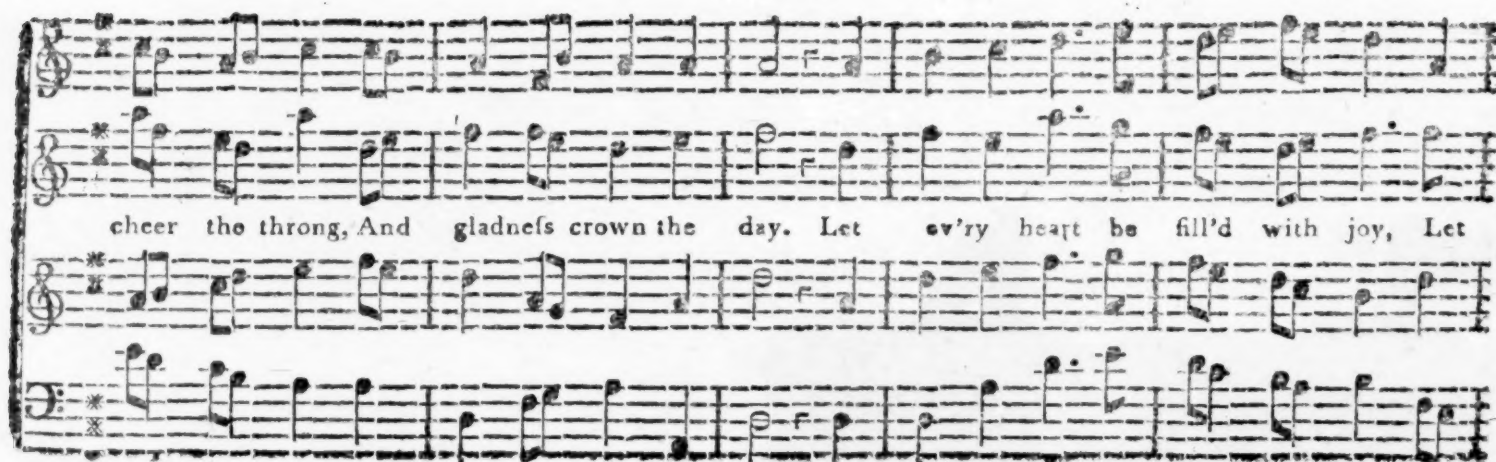
Expressivo.


Yet you invade the rights of God, And send your bold decrees abroad, To bind the conscience in your chains.

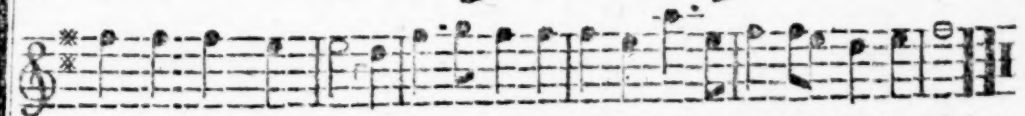
[Composed for the 4th of July. The words by a Member of the Washington Literary Society, the Music by Hr. U. K. K]



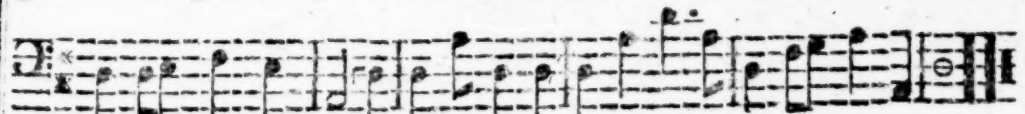
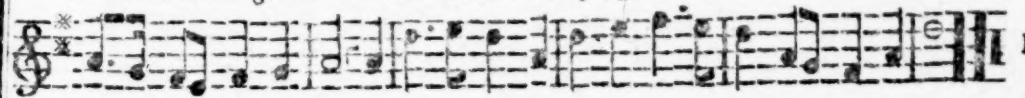
COLUMBIANS raise your cheerful songs, Your grateful honors pay; Let flowing numbers



cheer the throng, And gladness crown the day. Let ev'ry heart be fill'd with joy, Let



each assist to sing. And music's sacred art employ, To strike th'harmonious string.



(4)

May guardian Spirits free our minds
From ev'ry thought that's vain ;
For sacred Laws our Country bind,
Tho' free from BRITAIN'S chain.
'Twas GOD who gave us WASHINGTON,
To guide thro' war's alarms ;
Thro' heav'nly aid the field was won,
And vict'ry crown'd our arms.

(3)

O! could we tune the golden lyre,
Or sound Apollo's lute ;
Ah, could we touch the heavenly wire,
Its strains should not be mute.
On this great day to Freeman dear,
Ye factious herd begone ;
Here tyrant's minions ne'er appear,
To envy what is done.

(3)

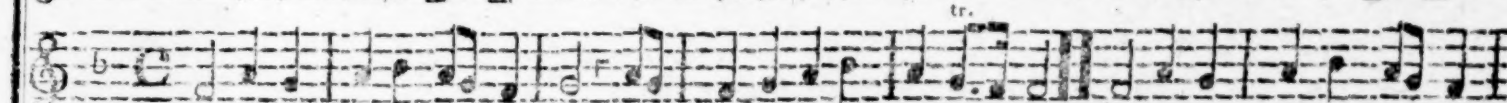
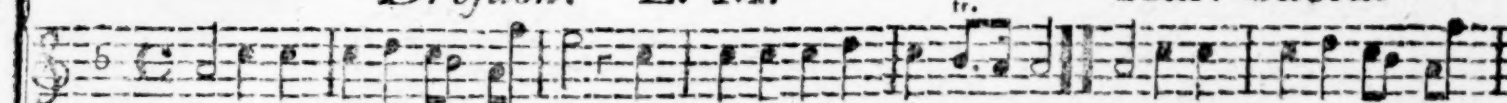
For FREEDOM'S banners are display'd,
The OLIVE-TREE is green ;
Here VIRTUE rests, beneath its shade,
And SCIENCE gilds the scene.
This great, auspicious, glorious DAY,
Gave INDEPENDENCE birth :
'Twas on this DAY COLUMBIA drew,
Her free, her genial breath.

(5)

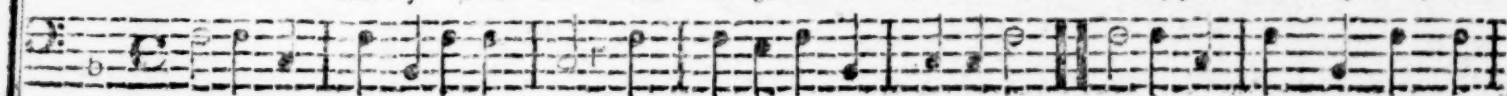
Th' exalted pow'rs above the sky,
Such scenes with pleasure view ;
We'll pay our vows to them on high,
To whom the tribute's due.
Now let our welcome numbers cease,
And cease melodious flute :
Let music's charms our ears release,
Ye trembling strings be mute.

Dresden. L. M.

Har. Sacra.



He dies! the heav'nly Lover dies! The tidings strike a doleful sound On my poor heart-strings: deep he



L

lies, In the cold caverns of the ground. Come saints and drop a tear or two, On the dear bosom

of your God; He shed a thousand drops for you, A thousand drops of richer blood.

(2)

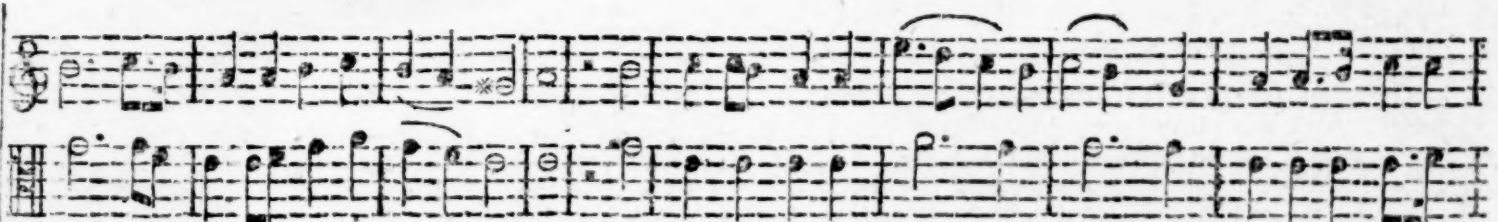
Here's love and grief beyond degree.
 The LORD of Glory dies for men!
 But lo, what sudden joys I see!
 Jesus the dead revives again.
 The rising GOD forsakes the tomb,
 Up to his Father's Court He flies;
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies.

(3)

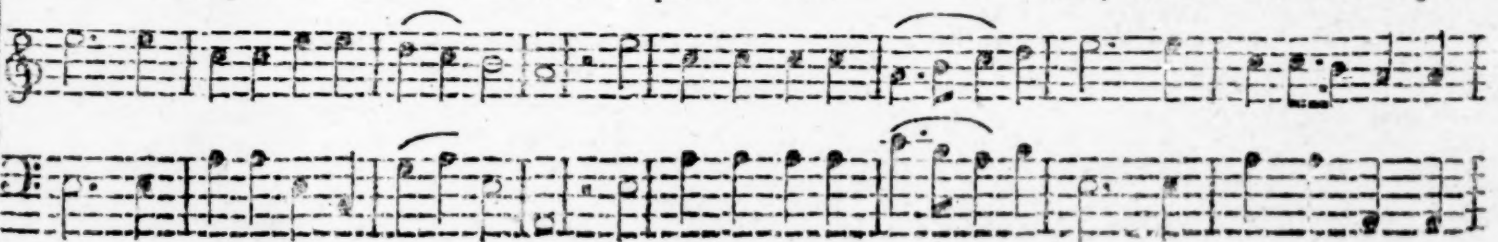
Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster death in chains.
 Sav. live forever, wond'rous King!
 Born to redeem, and strong to save!
 Then ask the monster, where's his sting?
 And where's thy vict'ry boasting grave?

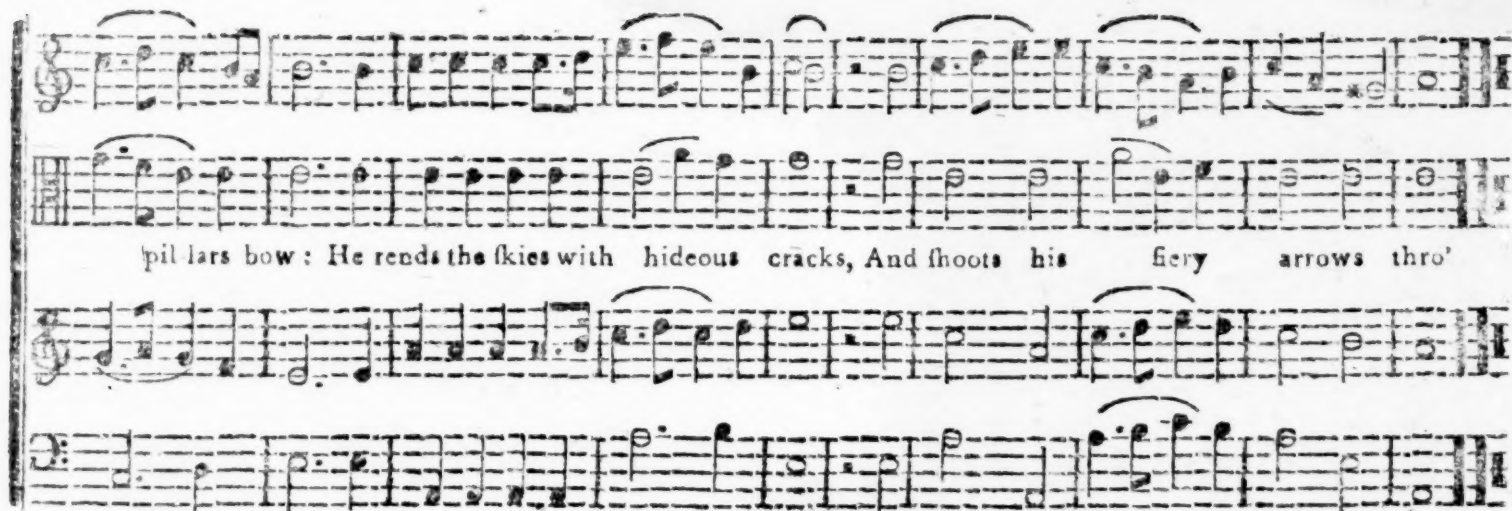


O the immense th'a-maz-ing height! The boundless grandeur of a God! Who treads the world beneath his



feet! And sways the nations with his nod! He speaks and lo all nature shakes, Heav'n's ex-er-cis-ing





(2)

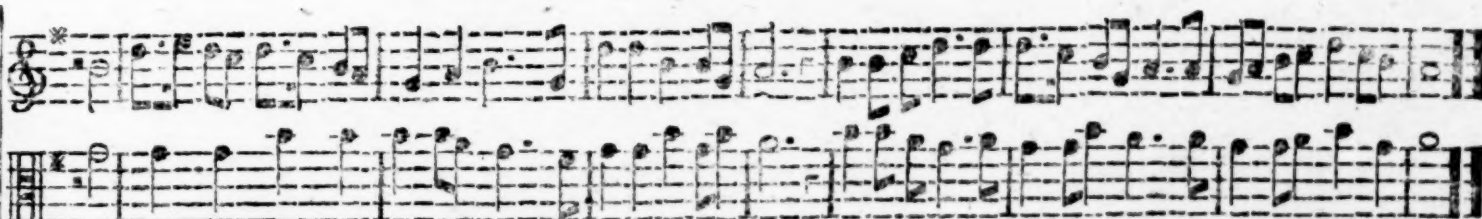
Well, let the nations start and fly
 At the blue lightning's horrid glare,
 Atheists and emp'ors shrink and die,
 When flame and noise torment the air,
 Let noise and flame confound the skies,
 And drown the spacious realms below,
 Yet will we sing the Thund'rer's praise,
 And send our loud *Hosannas* thro'.

(3)

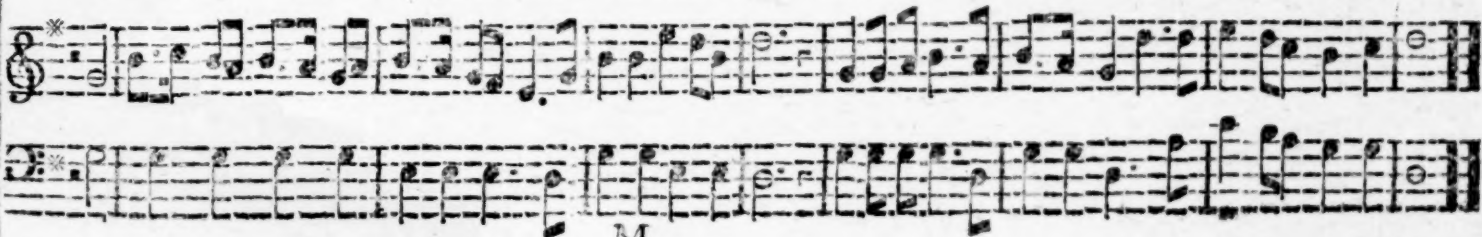
Celestial King, thy blazing pow'r
 Kindles our hearts to flaming joys,
 We shout to hear thy thunders roar,
 And echo to our Father's voice,
 Thus shall the God our Saviour come,
 And lightnings round his chariot play,
 Ye lightnings, fly to make him room,
 Ye glorious storms prepare his way.

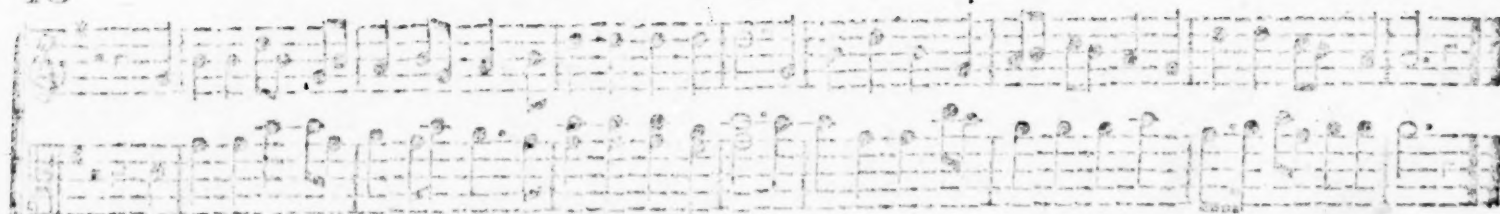
Bright.

Begin the high celestial strain, My raptur'd soul and sing, A solemn hymn of grateful praise, To heav'n's Almighty King.

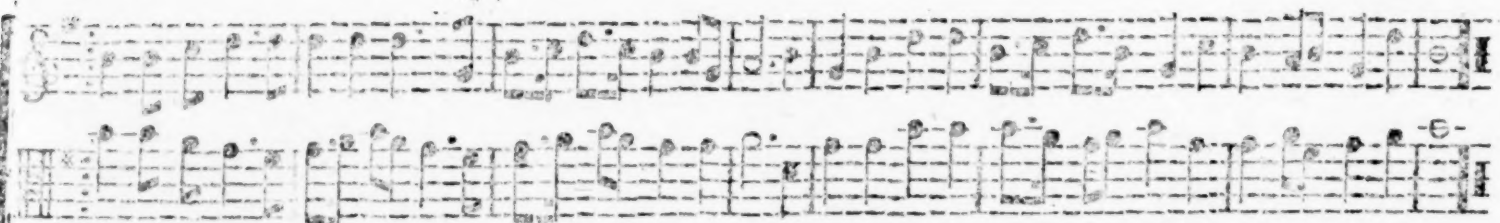
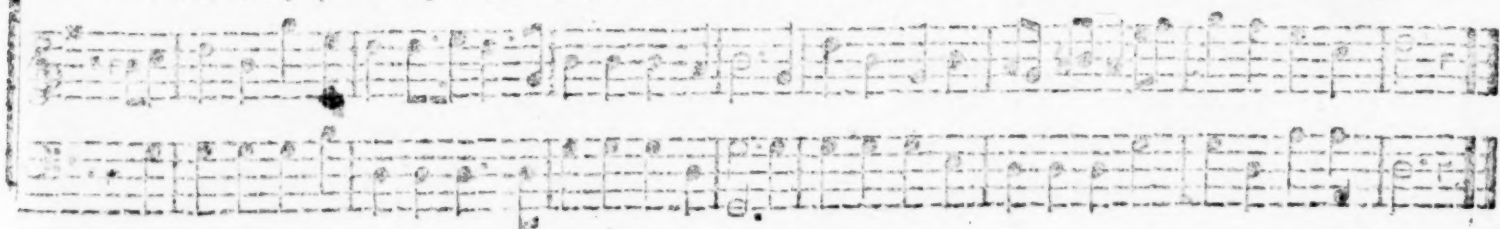


Ye circling fountains as you roll, Your silver waves along, Whisper to all your verdant shores, The subject of my song.

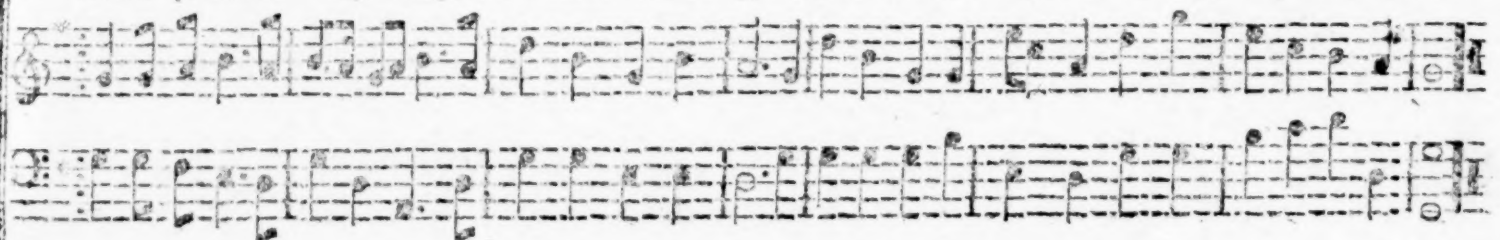




Retain it long ye echoing rocks, The sacred sound retain, And from your hollow winding caves, Return it oft again.



Best it ye winds on all your wings, To distant climes away, And round the wide extended world, My lofty themes convey.

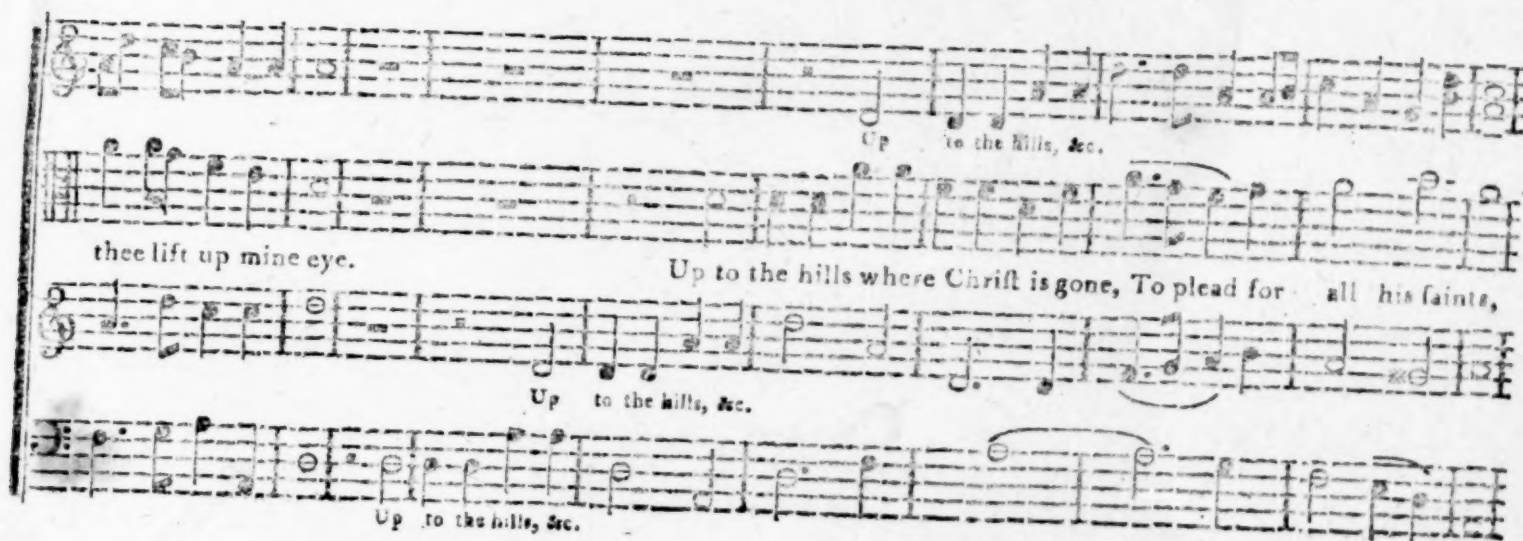


Fifth Psalm Tune. C. M.

47



Lord in the morning thou shalt hear my voice ascending high, To thee will I direct my pray'r, To



Up to the hills, &c.

thee lift up mine eye.

Up to the hills where Christ is gone, To plead for all his saints,

Up to the hills, &c.

Up to the hills, &c.



In compliance with the advice of a number of musical friends, the Printer has thought proper to print the Magazine on paper of a coarser quality than that of the first number, and to alter the price from 25 to 17 cents: And he sincerely hopes this alteration will be acceptable to his patrons.

